

LAST EDITION.
NEWSBOYS DINED.

Treated to a Big Banquet
by "The Evening
World."

Mme. Albani Sang While the
Youngsters Feasted.

The Famous Soprano Moved to
Tears by the Applause.

There Was a Parade First to
Sharpen Appetites.

Then the Small Army Annihilated
Hundreds of Turkey and
Mince Pies.

Oh, what a bustling, hungry, good-natured
crowd of guests! The Evening World entered
at Christmas dinner at the Everett
Hotel to-day.

Six hundred newsboys, every boy with
the appetite of 600, and the 400 all lying with
each other in feasts of gustation.



IN THE BANQUET HALL.

As she advanced to the centre of the banquet hall, Mrs. Albani, the director of the Italian Opera Company, her accompanist struck a chord on the grand piano that had been sent for the occasion by Steinway & Sons.

Every knife and fork was instantly silent. Every newsboy's big eyes were turned towards the woman of beautiful face. There was a silence like that before the benediction.

A BENEDICTION IN SONG.

Mme. Albani delivered a benediction in sweet music. She sang the "Jewel Song," from "Faust," and sang it with the same gentle sweetness that would have characterized her execution had her auditors been the most important nobles of the world instead of a gathering of freckled newsboys.

THE FIRST GUEST AT TABLE.

"John Benjamin Bucher," an eleven-year-old newsboy, who has sold papers more than half his life, was the first to enter, and he ran like a deer to a seat at one of the small tables in the extreme end of the hall.

Beneath him followed by Charles Chalm, who is known as "Jimmie the Lion," William Enright, otherwise "Dutchie," Joe Hall, otherwise "Swipes," Mankie Guggenheim, a weak little cripple; William Connor, Edward Middleton, known as "Shorty"; Paddy the Whistler, who was christened Jeremiah McGuire, and lives in Third Man's alley, Cherry street; James Cassidy, another little chap of ten years; James Walker, who rolls up the whites of his eyes and answers to "Cooch"; Freddie Peier, otherwise "Peonuts"; Charles Eblie, known as "Buckey," Edward "Cats" Foley, aged nine; John "Cabbage" Savage, aged twelve, and a host of others with equally euphonious and appropriate nicknames.

THE CHAIR OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

The boys swooped down upon the feast that had been prepared for them.

"Swooped" is the only word that describes it, and it was a caution the way they assailed the turkey, rich and tender, white meat and brown meat and crisped potatoes; delicious dressing and mashed white potatoes with rich brown gravy; cranberry sauce and

crisp celery, bread and butter, brown and white, and various coffee and cream.



Then came a gentleman, leading by the hand a lady. A beautiful woman, her face radiating gentle, winning smiles on the little rascals at either side as she was conducted over the marble floor.

The lady was Mrs. Albani, the wondrous singer, who, after conquering all the world of critics and compelling homage from the monarchs of the Old World, comes to the New World and down to The Evening World's dinner to win the hearts of the newsboys.

Mme. Albani was accompanied to the dining hall by Mr. Ernest Gye, her husband, and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer.

The sweetest and simplest affair in a heady gown of black satin sprayed with white flowers.

Before the songs of Mme. Albani the Old Guard Band played operatic selections, popular songs and patriotic tunes.

The selections included the following:

- 1. March, "Evening World," by Hall
- 2. Overture, "The Little Newsboy," by Gye
- 3. Selection, "American Air," by Gye
- 4. Selection, "The Evening World," by Gye
- 5. Waltz, "Merry Merry's Home," by Gye
- 6. Selection, "The Evening World," by Gye
- 7. Galop, "Barnaby," by Gye

Every one of the 600 invited guests ate all his little stomach would hold, for there was no stint to the fare provided.

SERVED BY FIFTY WAITERS.

Seated at the fifty small tables the boys were served by fifty white-robed, white-aproned waiters, and with as much care and circumstance as though they were millionaires and a handsome tip was sure to follow.

The boys were quiet, decorous and gentlemanly. They sat on their hats for the most part, and they conducted themselves in a manner that did them great credit.

MARCHING IN BY SQUADS.

It was the most successful dinner ever given in New York. Some of the smaller boys, being unable to eat all that was set before them, carried their plates away to their homes.

THE LADS ASSEMBLE.

"We are the People!"

It was a busy hour from the trained throats of the 600 newsboys who were the guests of The Evening World at a splendid Christmas dinner to-day.

The six hundred shouted like one boy, and each boy shouted like six hundred, as they turned in line at the Pulitzer Building at 10 o'clock this morning for the parade before the dinner.

of applause was thrilling. Such applause no singer ever had before.

The newboys went wild with enthusiasm. They began soon enough to clap their hands, but their enthusiasm got the better of them, and they cheered and cheered again till the building trembled.

The cheering continued five minutes, and there was hardly a dry eye among the spectators, while the tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of many of the newsboys. Then the songstress sang a lullaby song that was equally applauded.

When Mme. Albani began to sing "Home, Sweet Home," a little fellow sitting at the table directly in front of the piano laid down the fork and knife he had just taken up, and listened with rapt attention. When she finished his dinner was still untouched. He could not eat. The songstress, while the applause was still ringing, went over to him and put her hand upon his face. The lady with her was moved to tears. She stopped across the aisle and forced into the boy's hand the great bunch of hot-house violets she had at her belt. The boy seemed overwhelmed with happiness. His eyes glistened with joy. A gentleman feeling he had lost his Christmas dinner, tried to give him some else.

"No," said the little fellow, "it's too much. I have had enough."

The silver was thrust into his pocket, and the little fellow with his brow raised with its glistening eyes, his violets pressed to his breast, disappeared in the crowd.

After the last song, Mme. Albani was escorted back to her waiting carriage by Mr. Gye and Mrs. Pulitzer, and returned to her hotel, from which she had ventured out of pure womanly love for the little gamins of the busy metropolis of the Western World.

The expressions of the newsboys were characteristic:

"Why, that lady just made my eyes water when she sang that 'Home, Sweet Home,'" exclaimed Shady Davis, rolling his eyes ecstatically.

"Huh, talk about singing—there ain't anybody in New York can hold a marker to her," sentimentally remarked Snapper Swartz, as he passed out of the dining hall.

"I could just sit and hear her sing forever," said the dreary, pale-faced and tragic John Benjamin Bucher. "She just makes me feel like a million dollars and happy all at once, and kind of as if I wanted to put my face on mamma's lap and cry."

Who can express a true appreciation of the efforts of the sweet songstress in better words than these?

THE OLD GUARD BAND'S SELECTIONS.

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JOY FOR THE POOR

Poverty's Children Made Happy
by "Evening World"
Readers.

Seven Christmas Trees Bear a
Bountiful Crop of Presents.

How the Gifts Were Made, and
How Received.

Scenes and Incidents Noted at
the Places of Distribution.

Contributors to the Fund May Here
Enjoy Their Reward.

Children about Christmas time:
Bells ring out a joyous chime.
"Merry Christmas!" One and all
So the dancing children cry.

That is, when they have time. But on this particular Christmas morning more than 20,000 children of this metropolis and its most immediate neighbors were too busy occupied in another way than extending "Merry Christmas" greetings.

Not that they didn't appreciate the day. My, but they did that! And they did good reason. They were the army of little ones for whom The Evening World as the distributing agent of a great body of generous friends of children, had provided a splendid array of toys and candies and apples and all sorts of things that would serve purposes of entertainment, or of delight to the palate, or of practical everyday use. In other words, these were the beneficiaries of The Evening World's third annual Christmas-Tree Fund.

Without the Fund and its generous contributors these children of the very poor would have had no Christmas. However, since the Fund existed, that is neither here nor there, and the main point is as to how the candy and toys and all the rest were distributed and received.

The difficulty is to decide where to begin the story. It's easy to say one will jump right into the subject and go ahead, but when it's a question of the goings-on at seven crowded halls, of presents given out to such an enormous host of youngsters as those received with open arms into a blessed fraternity with more prosperous children of earth, the business one is for a moment puzzled as to where he shall jump.

However, just for a central point big enough to afford a basis for further details, just consider six tons of candy as a jump. Isn't that an aggregate of sweetness large enough to command your respect? Well, that had to be parcelled out in pretty boxes so that each child who came to each hall where the distribution was going on should get one.

There is a tangible element in the big composite affair. Everybody got candy. But of course there had to be other things. Girls had to have dolls and dolls' playthings—tiny sets of furniture, cooking ranges in miniature and all that; while as for the boys, they must have crumplees, pop-guns and darts and make-believe watches and monoculars; and what's the use of particularizing? Take the complete stock of more than several ordinary city shops, in the more common lines of toys—just the things that delight every child, regardless of color or nation—and there you have pretty nearly the assortment that this grand Christmas-Tree Fund purchased, or that good friends sent in direct, without price.

Why, bless you, there were 10,500 of those crumplees and darts alone. And 2,000 bright, whirling tops. Then there were darts, numbering into thousands, the figures of which you would hardly believe, though they were just as true as any story that George Washington ever told.

And there, of course not a word has been said yet about gingerbreads—breads of foam and fancy cakes and popcorn and red apples. Oh, it's such a list!

But the stock didn't stop with things good to eat or to play with. There were in each hall great piles of children's jerseys, knit goods, scarfs, neckties, for caps, mitts, shoes, rubber boots, handkerchiefs, baby bibs, collars, jackets and scores of other things that some little boys and girls were sorely in need of.

And where and how were these things all gotten together and then all sent out to the points of distribution?

Well, The Evening World had a big storehouse at 74 Fifth Avenue, and it was there that the great bulk of purchased and contributed goods was first housed. In charge of this place was George M. Wood. Aided assisting in the tremendous work of classifying and parceling out the goods were the members of an unselfish corps of ladies and gentlemen, among them Miss Margarette St. John, Mrs. Royal Keith, Mrs. Joseph McKever, Miss Shannon, Miss Shannon, Miss E. E. Free, Mrs. Shannon, Louise Gerard, Misses Natalie and Katherine Lambert, Miss Rummarsberger, Royal Keith, Geo. M. Wood, Albert G. Thies, the tenor singer; Henry Levy, the boy pianist; Little Johnny McKever, the baby violinist and string dancer.

As to the halls for distribution, if you take any one of them, you know that one, for you saw the brick-lined larder which began to gather there early this morning, every child with an EVENING WORLD ticket clutched tightly in hand, a wealth of anticipation stirring each young brain. But, as you could only live near one of the halls any way, the full list is given for your special benefit.

ALL THE BOYS WERE HAPPY.

But every one of the 600, big or little, strong or weak, tidy or untidy, was happy, and while they waited for the parcels they gave vent to the above vocal expressions of their happiness.

"We are the People!"



avenue. In Jersey City, the opera hall was the scene of the distribution, and the children of the poor were the recipients of the gifts.

Now you know something of the material scope of this big enterprise. To realize what it all meant in the way of sentiment and of humanity, you must be able to enter into sympathy with a sort of childhood that is not spent in the midst of abundance, that has not always known what it is to be remembered on this annual festival day.

You must be able to appreciate not only what it is to get pleasant gifts, but what it is to feel at last that you are thought of tenderly, that you are, in some indefinite way, received with open arms into a blessed fraternity with more prosperous children of earth.

The desires, the yearnings of children are not fixed by circumstances or surroundings. In mansion, in tenement, or cast on the street, the child craves somewhere in his breast the wish to be cared for, to be made happy through some one's tender solicitude, to feel that he is big and strong and able to fight his own battles, there are others, bigger and wiser, with his interests snug at their hearts.

Albeit the little ones were a trifle impatient, the boys acted like little gentlemen, and not one of them jostled his gentler sister in the struggle to participate in The Evening World's readers' bounty.

Every one of these youngsters, to whom Christmas has so often seemed, got his hands full, and then they marched to seats reserved for them and sat and watched their apples, pop corn and candy while an orchestra played such soothing strains as "Mary and John," "Maggie Murphy's Home," and "The Darker's Dream."

Look nearly three hours to distribute all the presents and not the slightest disorder was noticeable.

This tree was in charge of Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and it marked the third Christmas that this friend of the poor has aided assisting The Evening World.

She was aided immensely by Miss R. A. Murch, Miss Harriet Keatinge, Miss Alice Keatinge, Miss Agnes Hinn, and Miss Patterson.

It was announced by The Evening World's first invitation to come and share in the benefits of these Christmas trees of this morning. It came out in little letters to the editor during all the time that the Fund was being raised. It was in all the appeals of the Bessies, the Willies, the Mannies, the Freds, the Bobs and the rest who made known what they most wanted at the hands of Kris Kringle.

And today, as far as could be, these appeals yearning hearts have been satisfied. And as children have been made glad, weary mothers have had their sense of burden lightened for a time through the attention paid to their little ones.

The Christmas Trees of 1891 have been a great, a proud, a splendid success. To all who helped to make them so The Evening World wishes its best holiday bow and extends its wishes for long-continued happiness and many returns of this glorious anniversary.

IN CARNEGIE HALL.

Three Hours Consumed in Distributing the "Evening World" Gifts.

A mellow radiance flooded the beautiful white and gold lined Recital Hall in the Carnegie Temple of Music, at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh street, this morning, and that soft, cherry light was reflected in the faces of 2,000 bustling, eager, little men and women, poverty's children, who crowded into the hall as guests at one of The Evening World's Christmas Tree Festivals.

Long before the hour for opening the doors, 10 o'clock, the aristocracy of upper Seventh Avenue and their handsomely dressed, well-to-do children gazed with astonishment at the turbulent crowd of sooty-faced youngsters, who massed themselves in a solid phalanx against the doors of Recital Hall, awaiting the word that would permit them to rush within and receive the gifts that Kris Kringle, of The Evening World, had provided for them.

At last the hour changed out from a neighboring church tower. Wide open were thrown the doors, and then those bright-eyed, eager, determined youngsters rushed into the dairy little hall.

The harmony of childish voices was sweeter than the strains of Beethoven, more alluring than those of Verdi and quite as impressive as Wagner's.

In a hollow square formed by long counters the big tree stood, a monument of treasure to the bulging eyes of the children. It was trimmed and turbed with glittering ornaments and Japanese lanterns.

Piled high above the lady's and ladies' heads were bundles of woolen hats and socks, neatly-tied packages of toothsome candies, any quantity of pop-guns, darts-in-the-box, stacks of gingerbread, and an endless variety of squeaking toy animals, stuffed Santa Clauses, and the like.

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stage and then out at the rear door in Chrysler street.

As they went across the stage they passed between two rows of improvised tables, on which were piled the candies and other presents. Barrels of apples were there, too, and of popcorn. Each child received from prompt hands a share of Christmas stock and went happily on to make room for the next.

The first thing an applicant got was a box of candy. Then, if a girl might come, a doll, or something pertaining to dolls' play; if a boy, he might get a popgun or some other handy toy. And so the distribution went on amid the greatest of good cheer.

A real Christmas tree stood near the front of the stage, but it was a delusion and a snare. The ricketyness was on those tables and in those barrels.

HER HAPPINESS COMPLETE.

Most of the actual stage scenery was tucked away or hauled up out of sight. At the right and rear, however, loomed the big proscenium of the ship used in "The Power of the Press," and in another corner were the clever imitations of the Manhattan Athletic Club's big door-lamps, also used in that play.

The theatre cat stalked about and viewed the proceedings with a mildly complacent air. Supt. Moore was here, there and every where, directing and suggesting and assisting. "I like it," said he. "The only thing I care about is that it's a matter day."

Assisting in the distribution were Mrs. Moore, wife of the superintendent; Mrs. William Martin, Miss Mack, Mr. Royal Veth, Frank Whitting and numerous members of the theatre staff.

Big Policeman Donnelly was there, too, keeping one end of the line of children straight. He perspired and struggled for an hour in full uniform, and then following the campaign example of one Mr. Fassett he took off his coat and labored in his shirt sleeves.

The distribution began at about 8:30 and lasted a little over the two hours it was looked to run. Supplies for fully 5,000 children were given out.

The difference in expression between the anxious faces that went in at the Bowery door and those that came out into Chrysler street would have made a study for a painter. Last to be passed along the line were the popcorn barrels. It was a backward boy, indeed, who didn't fill his cap with the snow-fake candies and salty forth bare as to his head, but well sheltered as to his innermost consciousness, in the grand satisfaction which the occasion brought to him.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

West-Side Children Laden With Christmas Presents.

of the Press" at the Grand Opera-House last night had not disappeared before it was treated to a practical illustration of a newspaper's power of doing good in a charitable way.

Even then Manager George M. Wood and a corps of assistants were busily engaged in unloading hundreds of gifts from big vans at the Twenty-third street entrance, and in short order a beautiful evergreen tree had taken its place in the spacious lobby, and each moment saw it budding, blooming, and finally growing with the fruits of The Evening World's fund.

It was 3 o'clock this morning before the tree appeared in its full glory, and the tired ladies and gentlemen who had dressed it retired, only to be on hand again at 8 o'clock.

Between 8 o'clock there was a scene of wild commotion at the Eighth Avenue entrance of the big theatre that increased every moment until the gates were opened.

There were little children who came with their bigger brothers and sisters, little fellows who came alone, and others so little that their mothers had to bring them.

Clean little collars and dirty little fellows who had made an effort to get clean were there. Some came comfortably clad, and others with shoes that a tramp wouldn't wear, but all were happy and full of eager expectation.

When the big gates finally swung open and the tots began to pour in there was a chorus of "oh's" and "ah's" that gradually swelled into one mighty shout, and Miss Marguerite St. John, the popular actress, and her corps of assistants at once had their hands full of business.

Miss St. John was assisted by Mrs. Augustus Whitting, Mr. Joseph McKever, Master John McKever, Mrs. Shannon, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Miss Shannon, Miss Shannon, Miss E. E. Free, Mrs. Shannon, Louise Gerard, Misses Natalie and Katherine Lambert, Miss Rummarsberger, Royal Keith, Geo. M. Wood, Albert G. Thies, the tenor singer; Henry Levy, the boy pianist; Little Johnny McKever, the baby violinist and string dancer.

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But every one of the 600, big or little, strong or weak, tidy or untidy, was happy, and while they waited for the parcels they gave vent to the above vocal expressions of their happiness.

"We are the People!"

True, they were little eager and restless, but why not? Right before them stood the tree filled with everything desirable to childhood's heart, while long counters on either side groined with candies, apples, popcorn, cakes and articles of clothing.

There was plenty for all, and although between 8 and 11 o'clock fully 6,000 youngsters had stormed the citadel of St. Nicholas, not one went away unsatisfied. Every child received two or three toys, a package of candy, cake, popcorn, apples, and, where it was needed, a substantial, warm article of clothing was added to the other gifts.

All were loud in their childish praises of their benefactors, and, glistening on the streets who passed the merry little ones go.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)